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VOL. 33 NO. 820 JULY 3 1897 PRICE 10 CENTS

Judge

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INEVITABLE.—(AFTER A WELL-KNOWN PICTURE.)

NURSE MCKINLEY—"Now, children, don't hinder me; you might as well come first as last, for you have got to be washed."

Ref g F. T. Ducharme

Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks - - 1.25
Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (JUDGE BUILDING),
Corner Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, New York.

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SESSIONS of the senate are now mentioned as the regular and the executive Tillman.

* * *

WE SUSPECT Ensign Stone of a design to use the navy in the capture of young Miss Condé.

* * *

WHEN MARK TWAIN wants to advertise he doesn't lose his diamonds; merely his health.

* * *

BIENNIAL SESSIONS of the New York legislature are under discussion. Why not centennial?

* * *

THE LYNCHING in Urbana, Ohio, has produced a situation that may oblige the state and the local officials to lynch each other.

* * *

IT IS TRUE that much gold goes out of the country; but we may get some of it back in Richard Croker's success on the English turf.

* * *

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, with vehemence, five minutes after a rapid descent from his bicycle—"Are we so soon forgot when we are dead?"

* * *

THE MAN who sends letters to Speaker Reed threatening him with assassination is not aware, we suppose, that his action is unparliamentary.

* * *

THE HARD TIMES have obliged the shah of Persia to reduce his harem to sixty-two wives. He's no Chicagoan, however. The wives are strictly his own.

* * *

AMELIA E. BARR says the new woman is to go and the old-fashioned woman is to come back to stay. So that if revolutions do not go backward they at least wobble.

* * *

A MOONSHINER who pleaded that he was the sole support of six wives and thirty-nine children ought to have been able to prove that there was no such thing as a still within nine miles of him.

* * *

FUNERAL BELLS in Wheeling twice awakened to life the man for whom they were tolling; but they finally got the best of him, as they will in time of anybody who is habitually obliged to listen to them.

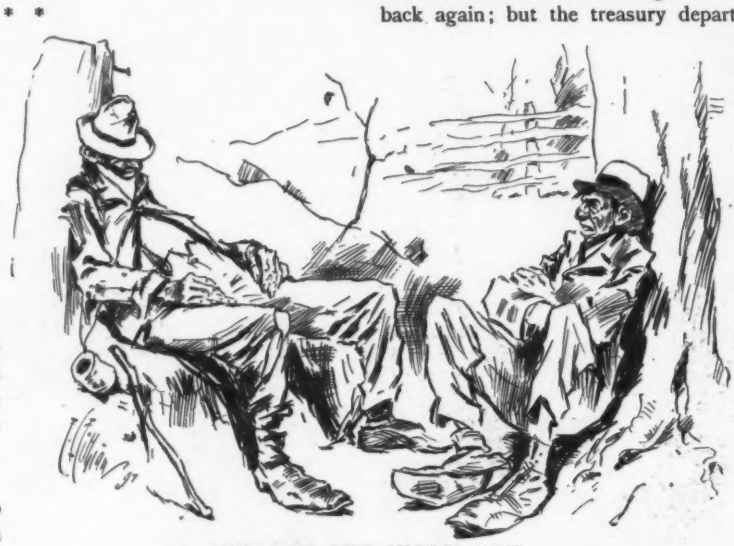
* * *

THE JUBILEE, according to a London paper, will make ear-rings fashionable again. We trust not. They are well enough in Africa, but we ought not to get our fashions from there. Let us deal gently with the ear-ring.

* * *

THE SUCCESS of Lemuel Ely Quigg in being made chairman of the Republican committee of New York county recalls a little musical rejoicing that was popular with the minstrels forty years ago. It ran something like this:

Oh, Lem, Lem, Lem!
Go down, go down, I say!
Go down and call the Republicans all—
We're going to vote all day.



HELPED OUT JUDICIALLY.

RAGGY REGGY—"An' w'ot adwice did de horspittle phesician give w'en he dismissed yer case?"
BEERY BARNATO—"Said dat I needed rest in a quiet place fer a few mont's."
RAGGY REGGY—"How did yer manage it?"
BEERY BARNATO—"Didn't have ter manage it. Got drunk dat day an' a judge sent me up fer t'ree mont's."

A SAD TRUTH.

WE HAD intended to say something cunning about a recent earthquake out west; but a disturbance nearer home has obliged us to make a cellar and some preparations to crawl into it. Earthquakes resemble sicknesses; they are never funny unless they occur to somebody else.

KILLING WITH NAUSEA.

"LET IT be demonstrated," says a Spanish editor, "that the Spanish people despise the jingoes of the United States and know how to spit in their faces one hundred times." It seems strange that this kind of warfare hasn't been demonstrated in Cuba; though it must be admitted that General Weyler has come as near to it as possible.

PERILS OF THE TOILERS.

SOME WORKMEN in Buffalo have struck against a rule requiring them to wash their faces at twelve o'clock each day. This is not a land of liberty if men cannot wear an inch of dirt on their faces if they so choose. Let this tyranny go on and the struggling masses will presently be obliged by the beast of capital to change their shirts and clean their finger-nails after the delivery of every ton of coal.

NO SUCH MIRACLE.

PARTS OF THIS GOVERNMENT have had the idea, with Mr. Brice the Chicago alchemist, that lead can be transmuted into gold, and have spent much money on it without any success. Another Mr. Brice has succeeded in transmuting Ohio and New York into each other and back again; but the treasury department at Washington ought to be managed by men who are not only honest, but who are possessed of some moiety of common sense.

A SOLDIERS' PICNIC.

IN LUNCHING with Constantine recently our General Miles showed a disposition to study and encourage the arts of peace. And it must have been a quiet luncheon; for if the general, agitated by the pangs of hunger, had bitten savagely into a soothing sandwich, the crown prince would have incontinently run away. For, theoretically and practically, his highness is the blastedest peace man that ever got into uniform to make himself pretty and please the girls.

DON'T KILL THE WRONG MAN.

IT SEEMS UNJUST to charge the president with the epidemics that exist in various places throughout the country. There, too, is the man who, having lost his mill by fire, immediately tore down some last-election placards speaking of McKinley as the advance agent of prosperity. It ought to occur to the growlers, however much reason they have to growl, that there stand between the president and the people an overruling Providence and the senate of the United States.

THE CONWAY ROADS TO PEACE.

MONCURE D. CONWAY calls our national senate a rotten-borough body and says it ought to be abolished. This is because it rejected the arbitration treaty; and we must say that Mr. Conway is consistent in his peace principles, because he ran away from his home in Virginia just as soon as our civil war opened and has been an Englishman ever since. Again, as we are reminded by the Rochester *Union*, he wanted to compromise the war by having the rebels abolish slavery, promising that in return the abolitionists would help them destroy the government.

TO BE WRITTEN AFTER DEATH?

"THE MARTIAN" is founded largely on hypnotism and the theory of the transmigration of souls. The Martian is invisible, and appears to be the guardian angel of Barty, the chief hero of the book. She hypnotizes that gentleman, and makes him get out of bed at night and write letters to himself at her dictation. She has lived thousands of years and remembers some portions of them; and in the last published installment of the work she is about to be born again, becoming the child of the blessed Barty. Thus we ought to have another story from du Maurier. If the Martian has the power attributed to her, why not du Maurier?

BOTH VERY FINE.

SUMMER BOARDER—"Ah, what an exquisite picture that setting sun makes!"
FARMER PITCHFORK—"Which do yer refer to, miss—the Almighty's, or mine?"

THE FUSE.

HE THOUGHT it wasn't burning, and
He went to start the flame,
But as he took it in his hand
It got there just the same.

JUST THE THING.

Mary (who has been to five entertainments in one week) — "Bridget, what is the best thing to make one awake?"

Bridget (quickly) — "A carpse, mum."

THE CAUSE.

"MY BROTHER died last week; he was blown up."
"Ah! Wife or boiler?"

THE TRUTH.

Orator—"Now, friends and fellow-citizens, what is the natural deduction from these facts?"

Voice—"Fifty per cent.!"

UPS AND DOWNS.

ERRING EATON—"Yes, pard, der old sayin' dat he who lives by de sword shall die by it is too true—too true!"
BARLEY BILCOOK—"Wotter yer mean?"
ERRING EATON—"Dat we wuz brought up frum infancy to kidhood by a bottle, an' frum kidhood ter der present date we've been brought down by one."

SPOILED HIS FUN.

HE THREW a chaser in her way,
But she, despite all rumors,
Made no attempt to run away,
For she was dressed in bloomers.

WOMAN'S WAY.

Sapsmith—"Some wise old chap said that 'a woman will forgive anything but the fact that you do not covet her.' Dooced clevah wemark, don't you know."

Grimshaw—"Yes; but he should have added that when she discovers that you do covet her she has no further use for you."

OUR LANGUAGE.

He (at the door)—"I think it's going to rain."

She—"Yes; it looks as if we would have a bad night."

He—"Yes; it does. Good-night."

She—"Good-night."

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN—INTO THE FIRE.

Cholly Counterpain, tired of the continuous rush at his bargain-counter, resolves to take a week off at the seaside, thinking the change will do him good.——

——But finds himself the only man there, and fails to see just where the change comes in.

Photo. by Sarony.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

VIRGINIA EARLE.

Oft, hidden laughter in demureness lies,
And mirthful spirits flash from pensive eyes;
Behind the frolic of a playful line
The brilliance of an artist soul may shine.
And certain moods of thine, exquisite girl,
Recall a tear-drop charmed into a pearl.

FITTING TEXT TO FACT.

Ragged Robbie—"Now dat ye're out o' de workhouse, Willie, why are ye like salvation?"

Woozy Willie—"Guess it's because I'm seeking de rich an' dey won't receive me."

Ragged Robbie—"Dat ain't so many yards from de bull's-eye, but de proper Sunday-school answer is, 'cause ye're free an' widout price.'"

INFORMATION.

"PAPA, what is a ground-hog?"

"Why—er—sausage, my son."

A TRUE STORY WITH A MORAL.

JIM RUSSLE wanted the nomination for county treasurer in Beggs county last fall, and his success was conceded by those who knew him. He was as energetic as a tug-boat and as tireless as a mule. The other candidates lay down and groaned when they heard he had entered the lists.

But he failed to reach the goal.

One day he drove fifteen miles through a pouring rain, over roads hub-deep with mud, to see a man—a farmer of considerable influence.

The farmer received him coolly.

"So ye drove through that mud in three hours, did ye?" he inquired.

"I did," replied Russle.

The farmer pondered a few moments.

"I s'pose ye want the delegation from this town?"

"I do."

"Well, my boy, I'm afraid ye can't have it. You was solid with me up to a few minutes ago, but, by thunder! a man who can drive fifteen miles over such infernal roads in three hours wouldn't be a safe man to trust with the county money; he'd be too hard to catch."

Shortly after this the other candidates took courage, and Jim was defeated overwhelmingly.

Moral—Don't hustle too hard.

DAVID H. TALMADGE.

DIDN'T WANT TO MISS ANYTHING.

BARBER—"Bay rum, sir?"
FARMER GRABALL—"Don't keer ef I do? Jest a sup er so."

HIS FIRST TANDEM.

"Hey, M'riar! come ez quick ez ever yu' kin an' see th' two-headed freak a-comin' down th' hill on a bi-sickle!"

AT ASBURY PARK.

Cowboy—"Say, young feller; trot out your tangle-foot!"

Hotel clerk (in disgust)—"This isn't a drug-store."

GOATS, BEWARE!

EACH Fourth you need a warning, Nan,
'Gainst juvenile attackers:
Don't chew the old tomato-can,
Lest some fun-loving little man
Has stuffed it full of crackers.

ATHENS OF LARD.

School-teacher (in St. Louis)—"What is the capital of Greece?"

Pupils (in chorus)—"Chicago!"

BED-SPRINGS IN HIS SHOES.

Sam Jonsing would have been declared champion high jumper of the day, had not an unfortunate accident revealed the secret of his success.

THE LAST STRAW.

AGGIE—"Em'ly, what's the matter with you and Hattie—don't you speak no more?"

EM'LY—"I'll tell yer. First she took to bloomers—that was all right; then she sported a dog an' a walkin'-stick—them was all right too; but when she took to cigaroots an' begun a-blowin' smoke through her nostrums, a-makin' her face look like a locomotion-ingine, *that* settled it, an' we meet as strangers!"

AN INVESTMENT.

WHEN o'er her jimply swinging skirt
She hooks it round her tennis-shirt
And then struts forth in maiden pride,
The cestus were a string beside
Her cotton belt.

"Inside the cotton belt?" you say.
"Investments?" All of mine are—yea.
My heart 's in bonds. I play to win,
For I've invested it within
The cotton belt.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

HIS YEARN.

"SHAY, m' (hic) frien'!" said Lushington after vainly fumbling with his latch-key for twenty minutes.

"Well?" returned the passer-by.

"Have you (hic) got such a shing as a spare key (hic) hole about you?"

AN ANCHOR TO WINDWARD.

Senator Bluegrass—"What's old Sorghum in there listening to that prosy speech for?"

Senator Lonestar—"Why, old Sorghum himself is going to make a speech next week, isn't he?"

THE RANKS OF LONG AGO.

THERE'S a flash of starry banners
And a crash of rolling drums,
And a burst of thrilling music,
When the marching legion comes.
But I seem to see beside them,
Keeping step, a ragged row
Of the pallid continentals
From the ranks of long ago.

Some are young, with boyish faces,
Lads that need a mother's care;
Some are old and bowed and feeble,
Tottering by with whitened hair,
As they heard the bugles calling,
And they left the ingle's glow
With a musket and a sabre
For the ranks of long ago.

They are wan from wounds untended,
They are weak from famine's scourge;
Sunken-eyed and bent and broken
With the woes of Valley Forge.
They are men who left their footsteps
Marked in blood upon the snow,
And who died without a murmur,
In the ranks of long ago.

It is not the gilded eagles
Nor the troops in jackets trim
That have made my spirit kindle
And my eyes with pity dim;
But the grim and grizzled farmers
That were born to reap and sow,
And who fought and bled and conquered,
In the ranks of long ago.

MINNA IRVING.

BELLIGERENT INDUSTRY.

AUNT 'MANDY—"I vum! what *won't* them sassy, nest-buildin' sparrers dew when they're so impident as tew try an' steal a wisp o' whiskers frum Aminadab when he's got a hoe in his hand tew swat 'em with?"

DELAYED GRIEF.

BIDELIA left her place with Mrs. Brooklyn to marry a hod-carrier, who shortly afterward died. Within a year Bidelia consoled herself with a policeman on her beat. Shortly after she called upon her former mistress, dressed in deepest mourning, with a heavy veil.

"Why, Bidelia!" exclaimed Mrs. Brooklyn, "it cannot be possible that you have lost your second husband too?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," returned Bidelia cheerfully; "John 's all right. I'm in mourning for my first husband. You see, when he died, ma'am, I had no money to buy mourning with; but John 's plenty able to give it to me, and so I've just put it on for poor Mike."

THE ORATOR.

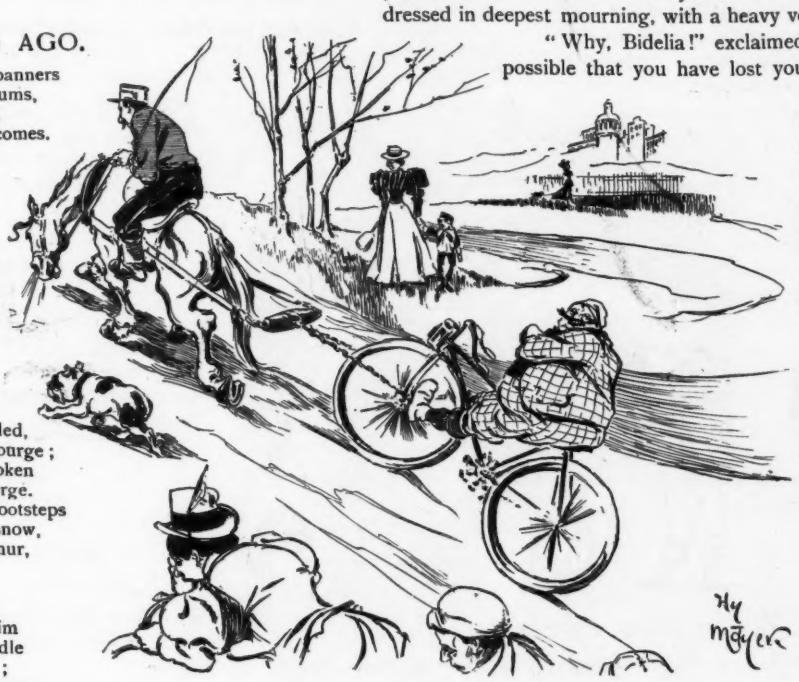
HE CAME in a carriage behind the band,
He's traveling now due south.
They exploded some powder under the stand
As he started to shoot off his mouth.

DELAYED.

Modern author—"I can't have my novel ready for a week yet."

Publisher—"Why not?"

Modern author—"Well, I started it only yesterday."



A SUGGESTION.

We suggest the use of the "hill-horse" to our park commissioners in aid of our poor, struggling, up-hill bicycle-riders.

ABNER, JR.—"I guess I'll hide these fire-crackers I'm savin' up fer th' Fourth in th' old stove we've stopped usin'. Brother Jake 'll never think t' look there fer 'em."

THE LIGHT THAT *DIDN'T* FAIL.

PARENT—"I vum! th' old stove is gittin' chock-a-block with papers agin. Guess I'll burn 'em up." (*Drops a match in.*)

!!—!—!—!

THE SUMMER GIRL.

YOUR heart 's not in your mouth, for then
Your words would be less cruel;
You cannot wear it on your sleeve—
That's small by fashion's rule.

We know it isn't in your boots,
For they would be too small;
And so you force us to conclude
You haven't one at all.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED.

"'SHE never told her love,'" read Father Wayback from the immortal poet. "Well," he went on as he laid his book down, "ef Violee had lived in this neighborhood there wouldn't 'a' been any call fer her to tell it. You wimmen-folks would 'a' had her married a dozen times; an' as fer fallin' in love, you'd 'a' run up so many beaux that the population would give out."

And having utilized the interim in the gossip, Mr. Wayback escaped violent action on the part of the sewing-circle by creeping off to bed.

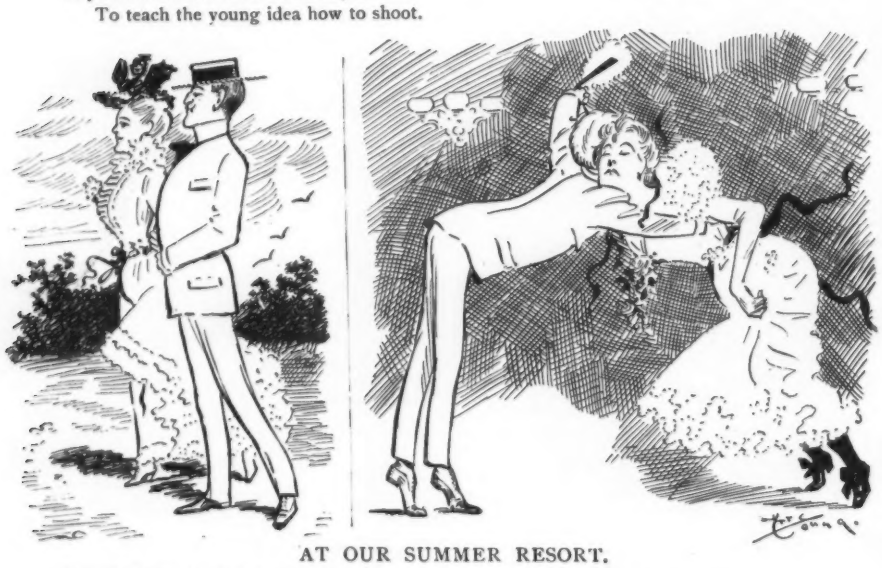
IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

AUNT JANE—"That is a very decorous and modest bathing-suit, Louise, and I quite approve of it."

LOUISE—"I am glad you think it so proper, aunty; but it is my bicycle-suit, you know."

THE LESSON OF THE FOURTH.

THOUGH cranks may prate about the boom and fizz
Of crackers, would they have the small boy mute?
If you should ask me I would say it is
To teach the young idea how to shoot.



AT OUR SUMMER RESORT.

Everybody said, "What a graceful couple and what superb dignity!" —— ——until they saw them at a hop.

ON SUNDAY.

AS WITH a reverential grace
Sweet Alice lifts her pleading face
I wonder through her soulful prayer
For what she prays while kneeling there.

For pardon? Ne'er a maid 'neath heaven
Has fewer sins to be forgiven.
For beauty? 'Twere an idle plea
For one e'en half so fair as she.

For friends? She counts them by the score;
To see her is but to adore.
Power, homage, title? One and all
Are e'er within her lightest call.

And, watching still her downcast eyes,
Sometimes the daring thought will rise—
Poor, wretched sinner that I be,
Perhaps sweet Alice prays for me.

DIXIE WOLCOTT.

NOTHING IN A NAME.

Cumso—"Who was that meek, depressed-looking man I saw you talking to?"

Cawker—"His name is Oliver Cromwell Wellington."

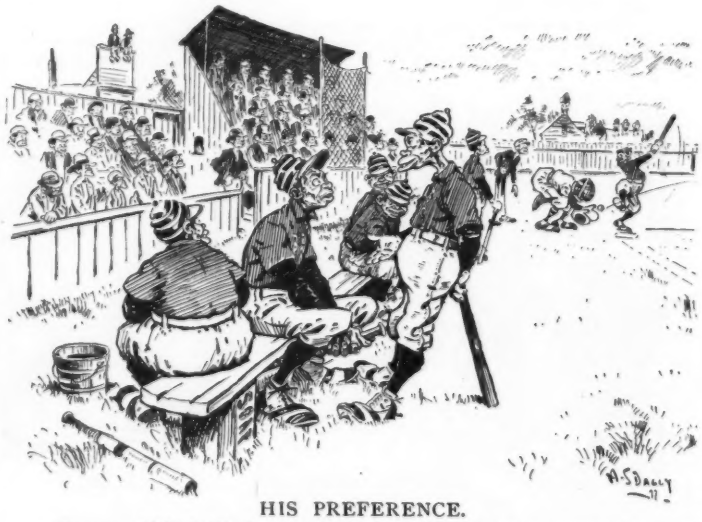
HIS UNHAPPY YOUTH.

"MANY the time, children," said Papa Jimpkins, relating an old story of the privations of his early life; "many the time have I been compelled to strap myself up very tight about the waist in order to experience even the remotest symptom of being too full for utterance."

"JOINING THEIR CAWS."

CASTING REFLECTIONS.

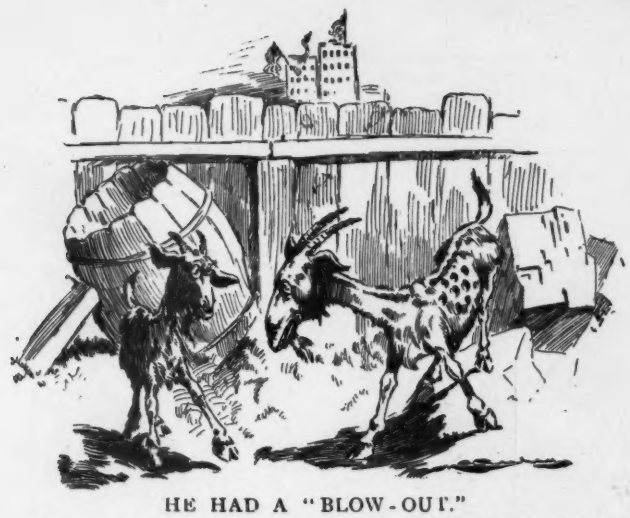
"THERE'S one thing I wish," said the chairman of the committee of arrangements for the Hayville celebration, "and that is that we could hire the Greco-Turkish war to repeat itself on our public square."



HIS PREFERENCE.

CAPTAIN (*Blackville Blues*)—"I fo't yo' said yo' liked a dropped ball. Dat pitcher didn' pitch yo' nuffin' else *but* dropped balls, an' yo' fanned de air ebery time."

NEW PLAYER (*naïvely*)—"Oh, but de kinds ob dropped balls *I* likes is whar de ketchah drops dem aftah de third strike."



HE HAD A "BLOW-OUT."

NANNY G.—"What on earth have you been doing? You look like a Swiss cheese."

BILLY G.—"I lunched on a pack of fire-crackers."

ORTHODOX.

ISAACS (*the pawnbroker*)—"Goot Mister Robber, if you must kill me don'd shtick me mit dot knife like a pig, bud put t'ree balls in me mit your rewolver und led me die like a Heprew pawnbroker should die."

THEY WERE EXPERIENCED.

"THAT poor fellow would make a good subject for a writer of detective novels," remarked the baking-powder drummer as a strangely distorted cripple limped slowly by. "It seems to me that the ordinary sleuth would go mad trying to solve the mystery of his tracks in a dusty road."

"I guess so," replied the Ruralville merchant. "He is an unfortunate chap who lives over in the eastern part of the county somewhere and comes here begging now and then. I believe he received his injuries in a railroad wreck, which broke several of his bones and twisted his left leg till that foot points almost directly backward when he walks. The first time he came here was in the night, immediately after a snow-storm, and next morning, when his tracks were discovered in the snow, one foot pointing east and the other west, everybody who saw them was completely puzzled as to what manner of man had made them and which way he had been going. But at last a couple of citizens came up and promptly solved the mystery without even seeing the author of the tracks. They seemed to know all about it by intuition, you may say."

"Indeed? Who were they?"

"One of them was a high-tariff Democrat and the other a free-silver Republican. They were used to walking in peculiar ways, themselves."

TOM P. MORGAN.

FOILED.

Freddie—"Oh, pa! the goat swallowed my big fire-cracker."

Cobwigger—"Well, that's nothing to be crying about."

Freddie—"Yes, it was, pa. The blamed thing never went off."

THE UPRIGHT TANDEM FOR 'NINETY-NINE.

SCIENCE IN FICTION.

SINCE it has been discovered that every disease or malady has its own individual odor, we should not be surprised to meet with something like this in the forthcoming scientific novel:

"As Arabella was admitted by the footman her nostrils were greeted by a peculiar and penetrating odor of violets, which, even as she paused, deepened and changed to that of pineapple. Seized with apprehension, she sprang up the stairs and threw open the door of her friend's boudoir. Her fears were realized. Upon a couch in the darkened chamber lay the girl struggling in an unusually severe attack of hysteria."

Or this:

"The doctor took the woman's hand in his and sniffed audibly. Then he turned to the husband with a meaning look and they retired.

"'What is it?' asked the man fearfully.

"'Calm yourself, my dear sir,' replied the doctor. 'The odor is unmistakable. The poor lady is insane.'"

FATE.

ON THE Fourth you might just as well have your fling,
For life is a wonderful plot.
It's the fellow who never was doing a thing
Who always is sure to be shot.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Little Aaron (rushing in)—"Oh, Miss Philenda, Miss Philenda! Charles Henry Pritchett's team ran away just now with the mowing-machine and threw him in front of the knives and cut off his head."

Miss Philenda Fortysmith (terribly agitated)—"Dear me, suzz! And men are so scarce around here too!"

AT THE CLOSE OF THE DEUTSCHE PICNIC.

SPINGLEMEYER (*last on the grounds*)—"Dot beebles all avay gone fon der bicnick und forgit all der pretzels mit to dake alreatty.——

—— Holy Moses, Spinglemeyer! hef I got der telerum chim-chams, ain'd id?"

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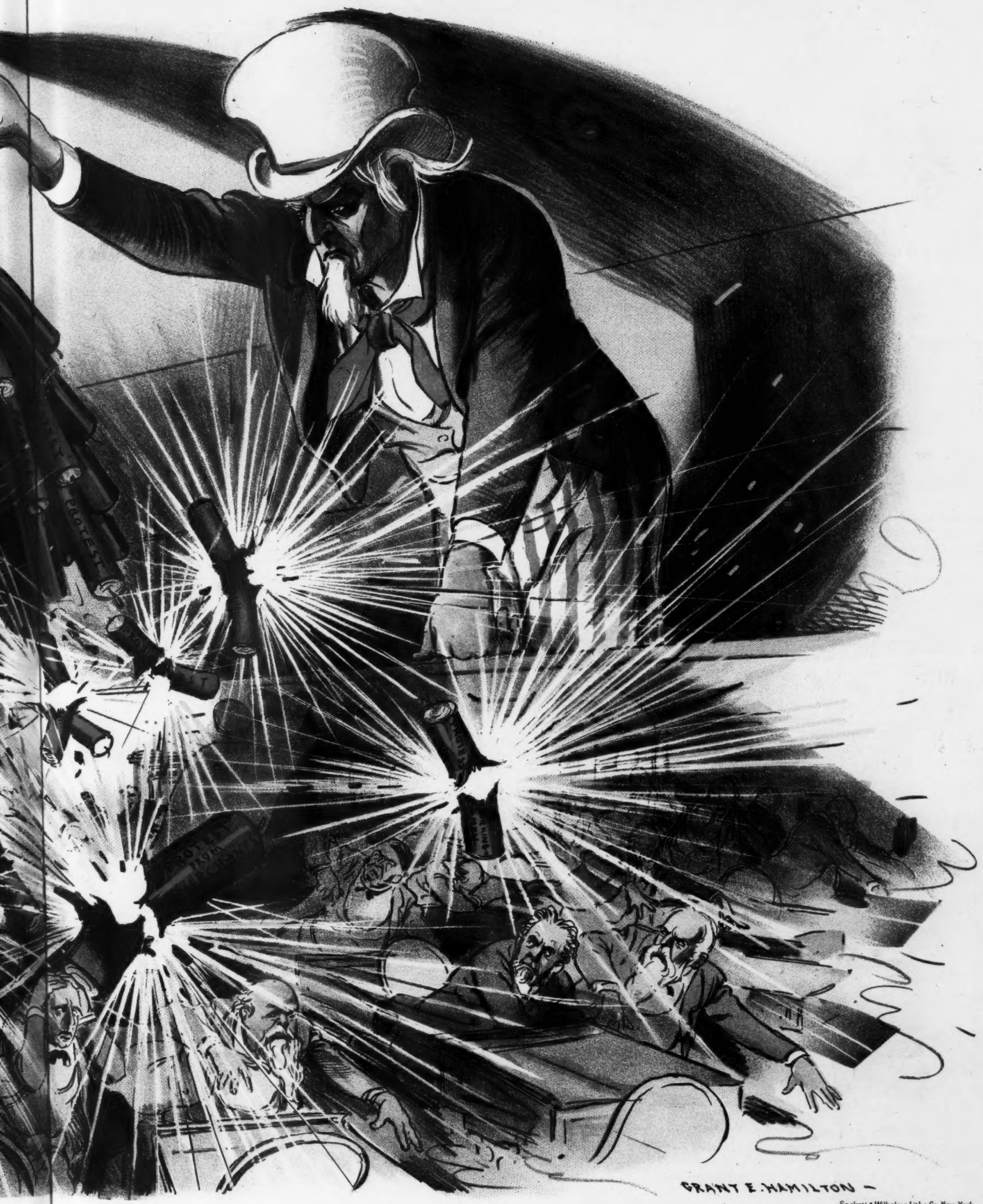
UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH OF JULY

At last the United States senate has discovered that the peopl



Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. Co. New York.

OF JULY PROTEST AGAINST DELAY.

hat the people are tired of delay and want the tariff question settled.

THE KID, THE MAGNIFYING-GLASS, AND THE FIRE-CRACKER MAN.

1. THE BOY (*behind the fence*) — "I'll git square wid dat ole man Cohen fer clubbin' me yist'day.——

2 ——Dis burnin'-glass will git in its fine work in a——

A MISSIONARY MEETING.

IN THE very heart of the slums, in the vicinity of one of the large hospitals, a horse-car stopped to admit a woman refined in manner and clad in a simple dark frock. With this single exception there was not a respectable, scarcely a sober, man or woman on the car. At the next corner the car again stopped, this time admitting the typical city missionary—a large, gaunt woman, forbidding in manner and self-righteous in expression. In one hand she carried a large black bible, in the other a rusty bag of tracts.

Sweeping the entire car with a glance of general condemnation, she finally fixed her hawk-like gaze on the little lady opposite her, and pulling out a huge tract on the evils of intemperance and cursing, she offered it to her viz-à-viz, saying in a harsh, stentorian voice,

"I earnestly trust, woman, that you will read this and profit thereby."

At the sound of the voice the crowd threw a look of maudlin curiosity at the little woman, who only smiled and gave herself up to diligently perusing the awful facts set forth regarding the sure end of the drinker and swearer.

The stern-visaged female was evidently delighted with the result of her missionary zeal. She settled herself comfortably back in her seat, regardless of the fact that her sombre garment brushed a drunkard on one side and a thief on the other, and forthwith regarded the entire car-load with an expression of beneficent complacency, a look that plainly said,

"You can see that I never let an opportunity slip."

Every man and woman present were evidently rejoicing that the tract had not been given them, and wondering at the meekness of their fellow-passenger.

But the end was not yet. As the recipient of the tract rose to leave the car she stopped directly in front of her benefactor and said in a crisp, fresh voice,

"Madam, I thank you very much for this tract. It is the first one I have ever received, but I have given away many, for I, too, am a city missionary."

The joy of the passengers was distinctly audible, and the owner of the rusty bag grew vividly red as one of the best-known and best-beloved missionaries of the east side stepped from the platform, tract in hand.

JEANNETTE ROBINSON MURPHY.

SCRIPTURAL SANCTION.

POKER POWELL (*scoffingly*) — "Yer can't make me b'leeve keerds air wicked."

DR. THIRDLY—"Why not, pray?"

POKER POWELL—"Don't it tell in the bible 'bout Gabriel's trump?"

REVERSING THE POSITIONS.

(*Being one side of a conversation on July 5th.*)

ALBION lost another daughter
Yesterday. Who could foresee that
When she crossed the nahsty water
The result of it would be that?
Certainly *I* never thought to
Be won from my single churlhood
And a port of transport brought to
By a slip of English girlhood.

Eyes like corn-flow'rs out of Devon,
(That's the shire to which I owe her.)
Where they smile it's simply heaven!
That profane? You do not know her!
Such a day for *such* surrender?
Hang tradition! I'm for scorning
Aught that stops love's legal tender.
And, besides, she sails this morning.

What would my revered forebear say,
That helped win the revolution?
Don't much care, but he'd, I dare say,
None of suave circumlocution.
Fourth or not, I felt I couldn't
Risk the loss of her transcendence,
So I signed my—and who wouldn't?—
Declaration of dependence.

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

AN UNCOMMON CASE.

JUDGE—"What's the charge, officer?"

OFFICER KILBREATH—"Non-support, yer honor."

JUDGE—"Why, I thought this case was a common drunk."

OFFICER KILBREATH — "No, yer honor — uncommon droonk."

JUDGE—"Then why do you say non-support?"

OFFICER KILBREATH — "Shure, yer honor, he wor too droonk t' aven hold on to a lamp-posht."

3 —— minnit!!!"

A man who "marries for money"
Very often doesn't rue it;
Though it may seem rather funny,
Clergymen prefer to do it.
—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

It costs nine dollars per minute to converse over a long-distance telephone, which is another argument for extending the telephone service to the senate-chamber.— *Washington Capital.*

Abbott's Angostura Bitters do the work. You don't know how. But eating's a pleasure, and you feel like play. Abbott's is the original.

"What's a fishing-rod?" "It's a handsome jointed arrangement your father holds out over the water." "What's a fishing-pole?" "It's a long woolen stick your Uncle Bill catches fish with."—*Chicago Record.*

American and European expositions have awarded premiums to *Cook's Imperial Champagne* for its excellent qualities.

The Buffalo *Times* editorially makes the discovery that "dilemmas cut no ice." Neither do complications saw wood.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Alice—"What a gallant person Mr. Dunkley is! He never addresses me without beginning 'Fair miss.'" *Dorothy*—"Oh, that's force of habit. He used to be a street-car conductor."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Angostura Bitters was prepared by Dr. Siegert in South America sixty years ago for his private use. It is a fraud to say that imitations made in this country are just as good.

Claud Fales Wright and Mrs. Tingley have quarreled, and Claud has resigned. His soul can now go out and crawl into the body of a vagrant cat and sit on Mrs. Tingley's back fence and make her nights as miserable as though she lived in a flat.—*Rochester Herald.*

When a widower begins to act as if he had forgotten when his wife died all the women in town remember it.—*Atchison Globe.*

The best man is responsible for this story. It happened at a recent wedding, a home affair. The ceremony was over, and the happy pair had just right-about-faced to receive the congratulations of the guests, when suddenly the best man heard a whisper at his ear. 'Twas the voice of the bridegroom saying, "Reggy, I'd like to have a smoke."—*New York Evening Sun.*

As a specific against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also as an appetizer and for mixing in drinks, nothing superior to **BOKER'S BITTERS.**

"Yesterday," said Jabson, "I refused a supplicant woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time." "Your softness of heart does you credit," said Mabson. "Who was the woman?" "My wife."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Mr. Barkus," said the landlady, not so very unkindly, for she couldn't help liking the young man; "Mr. Barkus, are you aware that you are indebted to me in the sum of eighteen dollars and sixty-five cents?" "If you please, Mrs. Purvide," said the young man, "I—I would rather not discuss financial questions until after the tariff has been settled."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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Some husbands treat their horses much more feelingly than they do their wives, and some wives treat their pug-dogs much better than they do their husbands. So, taking it up one side and down the other, it's about a standoff.—*Middletown Conglomerate.*

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Although physicians were for many years reluctant to recognize any mineral water as a remedial agent, many of them have of late been won over by the remarkable results obtained with Buffalo Lithia Water in the treatment of diseases having their origin in uric acid, such as Bright's disease and rheumatism, as well as in the treatment of nervous diseases and dyspepsia. Many eminent physicians have tested Buffalo Lithia Water, the results in every case warranting a most hearty indorsement of its efficacy. Unsurpassed as a table-water, it represents one of the most useful and beneficial products nature has given to mankind.

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I shot an arrow into the air.
"It will fall to earth," said I; "but where?"
The answer came like a lump of lead,
For the arrow struck me on the head.
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"What would our wives say if they knew where we are?" said the captain of a Liverpool clipper, feeling his way along the banks of Newfoundland in a thick fog. "I wouldn't mind what they said," rejoined the mate, "if we only knew where we are ourselves."—*London Household Words.*

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Commencing Sunday, June 13th, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will place in service, between Baltimore and Chicago, *Pullman observation sleeping-cars.* The cars have a saloon-parlor in the rear, furnished with easy arm-chairs, upholstered revolving-chairs, and sofas. This will enable passengers to view with better advantage the scenic wonders that have made the Baltimore and Ohio famous.

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"Here's the account of a couple who were married on bicycles. What on earth could have possessed them?" "Oh, I fancy they were trying to outdo the idiots who marry on four dollars a week."—*Detroit Journal.*

Oldun—"Do you find your memory growing treacherous as you advance in years?" *Stayer*—"Treacherous? Well, I should say so. It's always springing things on me that I thought I had forgotten."—*Chicago Journal.*

When a girl is sixteen she thinks most about a man's hair and eyes; when she's twenty she thinks most about his clothes; when she's thirty she thinks most about his bank-account.—*New York Press.*

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—*Pick-me-up.*

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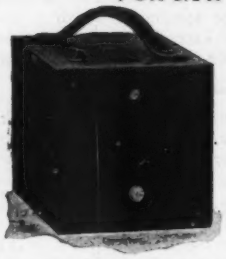

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"I wonder," said Mrs. Bluebow in a meditative way, "where the colonel got his title?" "Probably," said Aristophanes, who is not fond of the colonel, "in the army of the unemployed."—*Washington Capital.*

The long, lank presiding elder who has fifty-six circuits—meaning appointments—on his district told of the dear old sister who prayed, "Lord bless our presiding elder as he goes from circus to circus."—*Buffalo Express.*

"Kind lady, will yer let me have something ter drink?" "There's a well right down yonder; you can get all the water you want." "No, kind lady. I have an iron constitution, an' water will rust it."—*New York Evening World.*

Peace hath her colonels no less renowned than war, and a great many more of them.—*Galveston News.*

"Yours has been a wasted life," said the lady who produced the pie. "Well," said Perry Patettic, "some three years of it has been. I guess I have spent about that much time in the workhouse."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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What are the girls coming to? A South Hot Springs girl was sent to the kitchen by her mother recently to get some milk, and she skimmed the cream off and threw it away, thinking it was no good.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

A little girl lunched with another little girl the other day. "Now, Mary," she said as she bade good-bye, "you must come and lunch with me some time. You see I believe in returning good for evil."—*New York Evening Sun.*

"Small? Why, if you'll believe it, I felt so small that I actually went and tried to put on that suit of unshrinkable underwear I bought last winter." Truth, it had ever been borne in mind, was stranger than fiction by the usual overwhelming majority.—*Detroit Journal.*

The umpire of a base-ball game would very often like to make a home run himself.—*Florida Times-Union.*

"Some men," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "are born liars, some by dint of practice become fairly expert liars, and some see air-ships."—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is facetiously rumored that a certain Middletown lady with five marriageable daughters is running a "school of design."—*Middletown Conglomerate.*

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ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

JUDGE'S PICTURE PUZZLES—Correct Solution of the First Series of 40 Puzzles.

Below will be found the correct answers to Judge's First Series of Forty Pictures. The names of those who have been successful in solving the puzzles and who have thus secured the prizes offered by Judge, will be published in next week's paper (No. 821).

No.	No.	No.
1. Washington	15. Long Branch	28. Rider Haggard
2. Cleveland	16. Carson City	29. Marryat
3. Little Rock	17. Galveston	30. Burns
4. Wheeling	18. Bowling Green	31. The Virginians
5. Beaver Falls	19. Haverstraw	32. The First Violin
6. Pullman	20. Newark	33. The Minister's Charge
7. Buffalo	21. Dickens	34. The Houseboat on the Styx
8. Chicago	22. Shakespeare	35. The Seats of the Mighty
9. Reading	23. Browning	36. Great Expectations
10. Key West	24. Lever	37. The Man Who Laughs
11. Ann Arbor	25. Voltaire	38. The Bostonians
12. Milwaukee	26. Hope	39. It is Never Too Late to Mend
13. Bath	27. Longfellow	40. At Bay
14. Deerfield		

This contest has been so popular and so instructive that the publishers have decided to make the Prize-Puzzle Department a feature of the paper for some little time to come. To this end they publish on another page of this issue an announcement of a new puzzle competition.

JUDGE'S PICTURE PUZZLES.

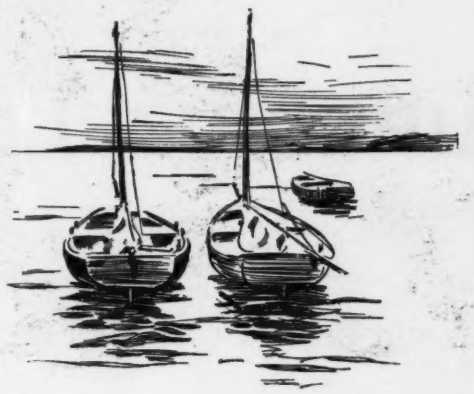
$250. IN PRIZES.

Here are ten pictures. Each one represents the name of a well-known Bicycle manufactured in the United States. You will see that No. 1 is Columbia, and you will also see from this how to work out the other pictures. We have **$250 00** to give away to the first ten and most successful of our readers who solve these ten illustrations and THIRTY (30) others, that will appear during the next three weeks, as follows:

1st Prize	$100.00	6th Prize	$10.00
2d Prize	50.00	7th Prize	10.00
3d Prize	20.00	8th Prize	10.00
4th Prize	20.00	9th Prize	10.00
5th Prize	10.00	10th Prize	10.00

A TOTAL OF $250.00 TO BE DIVIDED AMONG TEN PEOPLE.

1 ..... 2 ..... 3 ..... 4 .....



5 .....

6 .....

7 .....

8 ..... 9 ..... 10 .....

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READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY.

In addition to the above: Every contestant who remits us 10c will receive an extra copy of JUDGE, entitling the purchaser to a second opportunity to solve the puzzles of the series of 40. 4c out of each 10c will be placed to the credit of the person sending in the said amount of 10c, and the fund thus created will be devoted to the purchase of premiums which will be awarded to the one hundred most successful contestants; the value of these premiums depending entirely upon the number of subscriptions received. In order to participate in the awards of this special proposition, each contestant must buy from this office the four numbers of Judge (viz., Nos. 820, 821, 822 and 823) containing the complete series of 40 pictures. If desired, these four issues can be remitted for by mail at one time, or 10c sent in each week for four weeks.

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE, No. 823), and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLES DEPARTMENT, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE, No. 823. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified.

PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MR. JOHNSING (*who is having a well dug, as they draw up a big rock*)—"Hellow, down thar! Don't yit 'pear like you've struck——

——suthin' soft."

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"For dc love of massy! Cain't you niggars keep off mah heels!!!!"

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York.

MR. JOHNSING FINDS FAULT.